

## FROM LATHROP, CAL.

Very often there are inquiries "Why do not the former contributors more regularly write for the EVANGELIST?" To this, and similar inquiries I cannot say. Perhaps different reasons would be given if all were to respond. For myself I am thankful for those gentle reminders, coming from those who love to hear from this part of the great vineyard, of the work done, and the efforts put forth by those who represent the Brethren church in this part of California. And it is a matter of congratulation that while it is true, some of the old correspondents have not written for some time, their places and the space occupied by them in the paper, has been filled quite acceptably by others, so that the columns of the EVANGELIST have come to us bringing general church news, and well written. Also essays upon Theological and Practical subjects. But I would not have any try to excuse themselves, this we all do too often. Jesus practically said, "Go work in my vineyard." And it is our duty as well as our privilege to do so. Our work in California is not as successful in bringing the lost ones to Christ, or even in holding those brought into the fold during our revivals as we would desire. Still we are doing something; making an effort, thank the Lord for that. We are keeping and sustaining a State Evangelist a part of the year in general mission work. Some success has always crowned our efforts. We also sustain our State Conference work, our camp-meeting seasons of refreshing, and our pastoral labors to a limited degree. The BRETHREN EVANGELIST is taken and appreciated by those who can afford to pay for it, and an effort is being made by the Lathrop Congregation to send for it for those who cannot pay for it themselves. The Brethren S. S. literature is taken by all our Sunday-schools in the State. This shows at least our devotion to the church and its literature. And were it not so far away, Ashland University would have some students from the Pacific.

It rejoices the Lord's children everywhere to hear of the success of other congregations not only in bringing in, but in restoring those who have been led astray, by embracing false doctrines or through worldly influences. As an item of local church news, I will say that the meetings lately conducted by brother P. S. Garman at the East Union church, this county, closed with a full house, and judging from appearances and expressions, a good feeling existed. Our Brothers' sermons were full of interest, full of the love of God, with a burning desire for the unconverted to accept salvation. The regular appointments are quite well attended at

present, especially is this true at Ripon the home of our esteemed brother B. G. Frederick, the occasional correspondent of the EVANGELIST. On Feb. 14, we were called upon to attend the funeral services of sister Jane Beckwith, of Ripon. The Sister was a consistent member of the Brethren church, and for many years a resident of that community. Also a Sister Cady of the Christian church, who was widely known and greatly respected by all who knew her. She was buried in the cemetery at Ripon, March 13. On March 14, I visited our beloved brother J. W. Beer, of Vernalis. Brother Beer had called for the elders of the church in order to conform to the privileges, and requirements of James 5, 14, and to relieve any undue anxiety in the minds of the many friends of our Brother, I will say, that though he is still afflicted, and in a sense sick, he is not seemingly any worse than he has been for some time; and our hearts go out to the "Great Healer," that the prayer of faith shall save the sick, and that he may be healed and spared for further usefulness, for which mentally he is so well prepared.

In conclusion I will now say, as our State Conference is approaching, let all in our district be represented either by delegates or by letter. So that we may have a general expression from the different parts of our state.

J. P. WOLF.

Lathrop, March 17.

## THE ONLY THING GOD FORGETS.

Some one has beautifully said that the only things God ever forgets are the sins of his people. These he casts behind him, into the depths of the sea, and, blessed be his name, remembers them no more forever.

But the longer you live, the more wonderful will God's memory seem to you about the prayers you once made and then forget.

"Thirty years ago," said an old Christian the other day, "I was deeply interested in the salvation of a young man of my acquaintance. For years I prayed earnestly for him, pleading with God by many precious arguments to save his soul. All this time he remained indifferent, and indeed gave up any belief he had had in the Bible. I was separated from him, he drifted out of my life, I ceased to think of or pray for him. But God had not forgotten him, and I dare even to hope that my poor prayers were remembered, and to-day I hear that he is a member of the church visible and invisible, a sincere and useful Christian."

Is it not worth while to bring our petitions to him who will never forget the feeblest of them?

## RAINY DAY WOMEN.

There are some women who are especially attractive on rainy days. A writer in the *Philadelphia Times* tells about them:

There are two types of these—those who gladden the eyes out of doors and those who gladden the hearts indoors. Those of the first class are the ones we meet in the cars, in the sloppy, muddy streets, and in the stores. They are bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked women who have dressed themselves according to the day and who walk along with a self-confident air, with no dragging skirts to clutch in hands while the other struggles to raise an umbrella, and several packages meanwhile avail themselves of the opportunity to slip down in the nearest mud-puddle.

No, the rainy day woman has no such trouble. She is attired in shortskirts that clear the ground all round, showing neat boots with well-fitting rubbers for protection against the damp pavements. There are no floating streamers or loose ends anywhere to be seen, but a jaunty mackintosh or ulster, a close-fitting hat, and well arranged veil, neat gloves and umbrella, go to form an *ensemble* that pleases and attracts. So much for the out-of-door rainy day woman.

The indoor rainy day woman is the one whose disposition is not affected by the weather, and whose cheerful serenity and tasty costume fill the room in spite of the raging elements without. This rainy day woman is also the one who brings a radiance to those depressed and saddened ones who find their lives made up of many rainy days, and who are cheered and helped by the presence of a woman so pure and so sweet that in her soul continual sunshine abides, which she dispenses with a liberal hand to those who find life but a hard battle-field, where storms rage and torrents pour.

## HAPPY LIFE.

Some one gives these directions for making life happy: "Take time. It is of no use to fume or fret or do as the angry house-keeper who has got hold of the wrong key and pushes, shakes and rattles it about the lock until both are broken and the door is still unlocked. The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex us and in cultivating our undergrowth of small pleasures. Try to regard present vexations as you will regard them a month hence. Since we cannot get what we like, let us like what we can get. It is not riches, it is not poverty, it is human nature that is the trouble. The world is like a looking-glass. Laugh at it and it laughs back; frown at it and it frowns back. Angry thoughts canker the mind and dispose it to the worst temper in the world."